

Cody, Henry John
The war

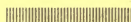
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THE WAR: A Survey of the Struggle and a Prophecy.



AN ADDRESS BY
VENERABLE ARCHDEACON CODY
BEFORE A GATHERING OF
CANADA LIFE MEN
THURSDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1917.



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THE WAR:

A SURVEY OF THE STRUGGLE, AND A PROPHECY.

An Address by Venerable Archdeacon Cody before a gathering of Canada Life men,
Thursday, January 11th, 1917.

It has been my privilege to speak to you on these last two occasions about certain phases of the war. With your permission to-night I would like to make a rapid survey of the stages of the struggle up to the present time, and after that, glance at the meaning of the past, and venture into the realm of prophecy or foreshadowing.

A NECESSARY AND A RIGHTEOUS WAR.

There are four points about the war that have become increasingly clear to all of us as the years have gone by. The first of these is that the war in which we are now engaged was both a necessary and a righteous war. It was one which we could not in honor avoid. If we would keep our plighted word, if we would prove a staunch friend to our friends, if we would maintain our own existence as a free and progressive Empire, we had to enter into this war. Had we not taken up the sword, unwilling though we were to grasp it, we should have been false to our best past and to our best present. The war, we feel it more and more, was necessary and righteous for us.

A TERRIBLE AND PROLONGED STRUGGLE.

The second characteristic that has grown increasingly clear is this, that the war is of necessity a terrible and prolonged struggle. It is more terrible than we ever dreamed it could be. We were confronted with the most formidable antagonist we had ever faced in the course of our history. He was thoroughly equipped, flushed with the pride of invincibility and the lust for domination. Our antagonist to-day is, I think, even more formidable than was our antagonist in the days of Napoleon Bonaparte; because

Napoleon Bonaparte, in spite of his ruthless ambition, had certain restraining qualities. He had a keen and enlightened sense of self-interest; there were some things that he would not do and did not do. But we have discovered that we are face to face with an antagonist who uses all the resources of science, intrigue and diplomacy, without any of the restraints of conscience or morality. Our antagonist is unprecedented and unique. The war would necessarily be prolonged, because France and Russia, the other members of our Entente, were notably unprepared. Our fleet was conspicuously ready. Our standing army was the best trained, the best equipped and the most dauntless fighting force in Europe (hear, hear), but it was small. Presently we discovered that in addition to being a Naval power, we must become a Military power on the scale of our allies on the continent of Europe. For raising an army of millions we were unprepared. All expectations about the character and conduct of the war, so far as our enemies are concerned, were rudely disappointed. I think I am right in saying that most of us never dreamed that we were facing an enemy capable of doing such inhuman things as our enemies in this struggle have done. We imagined that there were some things that civilized human beings neither would do nor could do.

ANTAGONISTIC IDEALS AND PRINCIPLES.

This brings us to a third feature in connection with the war. We have discovered that the war is not a war between armies alone, a war between nations alone, a war about territorial possessions alone; it is a war of antagonistic ideals and principles. In a war of principles that are antagonistic there can be no compromise.

A wrong idea can only cease to be dangerous by being destroyed; it can ultimately be destroyed only when it is replaced by a good idea. This struggle, therefore, is of necessity, I think, a struggle to the death. Our antagonists against whom we are fighting to-day are acting on a certain theory of the state. This, gentlemen, I think, is one of the fundamental issues. They believe that the essence of a State is power. We believe in contrast, that the essence of a State is justice, the development of individual personality, mutual service of personalities in the State, and the service of the whole world by the State. Our enemy believes that the essence of the State is might; that there is no power superior to the State, no law of God or man that can bind the State; and that therefore the citizens of a State may do anything or everything that in their judgment will promote the power of their State. That lies behind the whole policy of "frightfulness" which the enemy has adopted and thoroughly practised. The enemy has so acted that the world to-day feels there can be no peace between Germany and civilization so long as Germany stands for all those elements which mean the destruction of civilization and the negation of humanity. One curious thing in connection with the whole struggle is the inability of the Germans to understand the attitude and sentiment of the rest of the world. They apparently cannot understand why other people should condemn their conduct. A line of policy which they themselves have pursued towards others is regarded as extremely wicked if pursued towards themselves. They starved Paris into surrender in 1871; but the naval blockade to-day they consider to be an uncivilized and barbarous outrage. Whatever is done to them is a crime against humanity, but whatever they do to others is a legitimate and lawful means of promoting the highest culture and efficiency. I do not know how

fully to explain this curious contradiction. A distinguished French philosopher, Emile Hovelague, has written a suggestive book on the deeper causes of the war. He thinks that the German way of viewing things has two defects. In the first place, the German, he says, never sees a thing as it is, but always a theory of the thing and a distortion of it; he sees the thing as it is distorted by his theory. In the second place, he always takes hold of a subject by the material and not by the spiritual or ideal end. Possibly those two factors do explain some of the strange contradictions that mark German conduct and judgment. Because of this basal theory of the State, and because of his peculiar point of view, our enemy has proven himself to be guilty of such a series of crimes as are unheard of in the history of mankind, and yet he does not realize that he has done wrong. He justifies his offences, though they smell rank to heaven. He prates about humanity at the very time when he is conducting a white slave raid in Belgium with as horrid accompaniments as have marked any slave raid in the darkest past. Either he does not realize the contradiction, the moral contradiction, between his words and his deeds, or he is the most colossal hypocrite in all history.

A PATHWAY OF SACRIFICE.

The fourth and outstanding point is this: We have realized that in order to fight this thing through to a victory we must utilize all our resources and tax our strength to the uttermost. Unspeakable sacrifices have been made. Not for one moment would anyone wish that this awful tragedy of destruction and bloodshed should continue for one unnecessary hour; yet everyone equally recognizes that if we are to be true to the sacrifices of the past, we must go on in the pathway of sacrifice until the goal is reached. Nothing less is safe for ourselves; nothing less is safe for the whole world. (Hear, hear.) The conscience, the temper and

the faith of our people have never failed, and please God they will not fail till the end of the struggle. As one looks back then over the past we see that this war was necessary and righteous. It was bound to be a dreadful and prolonged struggle. It is unique in its character as being a struggle of antagonistic principles. In order to win we must, as Sir William Robertson has said, "put our backs into it."

STAGES OF THE STRUGGLE.

Now, gentlemen, will you remind yourselves of what has taken place. There have so far been three great stages in the development of the struggle. The first stage was the stage of grim resistance when we had simply to hang on and hope and pray for a better day. Then came the period of equilibrium. Now there is beginning to come the period of superiority. We are able to speak of "a victory loan." It is only now that we are able to realize how nearly we were beaten in those awful initial months of the struggle. Surely the Lord delivered us. I never realized so fully, as in looking back on the first year of the war, that even in these later days the hand of God can be laid bare. We did not survive that awful year of resistance by our own unaided achievement. If ever there was a time when God fought for the cause of righteousness and justice that time was in the first year of the war. (Hear, hear.) You remember the incidents. Let me mention them in passing. There was the awful retreat from Mons to the Marne. May I commend to your reading perhaps the most vivid and picturesque book that has been written on this subject, Major Corbett-Smith's book called "The Retreat from Mons." It is a brilliant piece of writing and stirs the heart. He tells the tale of how that expeditionary force of 80,000 men was suddenly thrown into the struggle at Mons. They imagined that fronting them there were only two Ger-

man Army Corps and a Cavalry Division. That was what General French learned from the Intelligence Department of the French Head Quarters. On that awful Sunday, the 23rd of August, 1914, as the battle began to develop, the Senior Officers realized that some hideous mistake had been made. Two German Army corps could not have massed such an overwhelming artillery fire. The British, in spite of all their grim determination, could not hold out against it. Slowly but steadily the lines moved back. About five o'clock in the afternoon Sir John French received a telegram from General Joffre telling him the appalling news of the enemy's strength. As a matter of fact, in front of the British there were 250,000 Germans with 920 guns. 250,000 more with 920 guns had compelled the French on their right to retire, and therefore the British right flank was in the air, exposed to attack; another 62,500 with 230 guns were trying to turn the left flank. In addition, 250,000 with 920 guns were on the east of the retreating French force. Here then were these 80,000 English soldiers with 300 guns, faced by 562,500 Germans with an overwhelming mass of artillery. You know the grim details. They fought by day and they moved back by night; they banished sleep; they almost slept as they walked, until they came to de Cateau. There Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien felt that the only possible thing to do was to stand and make a counter attack. A bloody battle was fought which broke for the time the stress of the German oncoming and gave them a chance, to do what? To retreat still farther. Back and back they fell until at last they were linked again with the French on their right. On the retreat, they had lost all touch with them. Then came that great day in early September, when the word went out from General Joffre, "You must not yield ground, weakness will nowhere be tolerated," and from Sir John French, "Advance." By the aid

of the new French Army; by the stand that was then made on the banks of the Marne; and through a curious blunder of the Germans—(no one yet can fully explain why or how they made it)—the German force was hurled back. The battle of the Marne is one of the few decisive battles in the course of human history. It meant that the decisive battle for which the German military men had been working and preparing for forty years, had come and Germany had been beaten. It meant that the Germans lost the offensive. It meant that all the military advantage they had gained by their ruthless violation of Belgian neutrality was lost. The battle of the Marne wrecked the German strategy. The lion's share of the glory falls to our gallant French Allies. France saved Europe at the Marne. But remember that the stand could not have been taken so effectively, had it not been for the superlative sacrifice made by our little expeditionary force on the French left flank, as they doggedly retreated from Mons. (Applause.) At the time, neither French nor Germans thoroughly understood the consequences of what had taken place. The French thought at the time that they were going to hurl the Germans out of France. The Germans on their side thought that they had only met with a minor and temporary reverse. But presently it became obvious that a decisive stroke had been dealt and that Germany had lost her offensive. She had to dig in; and from that day onwards there came the war of the trenches.

AT THE END OF 1914.

In the end of October and the beginning of November, 1914, the Germans, realizing that they had lost their chance to get to Paris, determined to break through to Calais, to do there what they could easily have done at the beginning of the campaign when there was no one to say them nay. During the retreat from Mons, the British base of supplies had to be moved from Le Havre away over to St. Nazaire,

in Brittany. There was nothing then to keep the Germans from sweeping through to Calais, Dunkirk and Boulogne, and all the channel ports. Now, realizing what they had lost, they tried to break through to Calais. This led to that bloody first battle of Ypres. The British forces were so few that the lines were held by men at intervals of 30 feet. The Germans actually broke through in places. The British commander called up the cooks, the servants, and every man from the rear. It was a sort of repetition of Bannockburn, when men came up with knives and sticks and picks, or whatever they could lay their hands on. They thrust the Germans back and again held the lines. The story goes that some British officers sent word to Sir John French, "We cannot hold out any longer, the men are exhausted." He replied, "You must hold on, remember the enemy are equally exhausted." Here was exemplified the characteristic feature of British courage. Long ago a Continental general was boasting to the first Duke of Wellington that the troops in his line were the bravest troops in all Europe. Wellington said, "I cannot say as much for our British soldiers; but this I can say, that ours are braver for five minutes longer." It is that five minutes extra that counts. It was the five minutes extra that counted at Ypres, and the day was saved. We never knew at the time how near we were to destruction, how near we were to the peril of the German troops breaking through to Calais; but the British line held. Then came that awful agony of the first winter when England was not yet aroused, when munitions were not yet being supplied in sufficient quantities; when shrapnel was still believed to be the only kind of shell required. The Germans resolved to make another attempt in April, 1915, at Ypres, to break through to Calais. To win Calais was to gain the strategical advantage of controlling the

Channel. Had Calais been won British freedom of transportation across the channel would have been seriously impaired. The Germans by their Intelligence Department discovered there was a weak spot in the line. This was where French Colonial troops joined British Colonial troops. The Canadians represented the British Colonial troops. The appalling thing was that there were few, if any, reinforcements immediately behind, and there were no adequate fortifications or trenches to bar the way to the channel ports. The probable reason was that there were no more troops at the time ready and available. The commanders did the best they could with the men at their disposal. You know what happened. The story is an undying page in Canadian annals. Those troops from Canada (the majority of whom were British born, though most of the officers were Canadian born) stood in the breach. General Wilson here would tell you that according to all the rules of the great game of war our men ought to have been beaten; but they did not know it. They did not know the game well enough to know they were beaten, so they made a counter attack that might almost be called "a bluff." In consequence, the Germans thought that their Intelligence Department had made a mistake and that there were reserves behind the lines. The bluff succeeded, and the second great offensive to win the way through to the seaports on the English channel had been made and had failed. All this took place in the first great stage of the war, when our men could only hold on, opposing flesh and blood to great machines of destruction. I think there never has been such a test of endurance, but awful as the machines of destruction were, the man of undaunted spirit succeeded in defying the machine. The English "Tommy" and the Canadian Private held fast for civilization and freedom. (Applause.)

IN THE YEAR 1915.

Of the next year, 1915, the outstanding feature is England's awakening. You know there were two phrases that acted like a deadly narcotic upon us all. The first phrase was "business as usual" and the second phrase was "after the war." At last Britain awakened, and Maximilian Harden was constrained to say, "England is at last awake and she will sleep no more unless she sleeps the sleep of the dead." Now, I wish you to recall the chief events of 1915. That was the year in which the enemy's power and the enemy's conquests reached the highest point. Early in the year there was this attempt made in the west to break through to Calais. It failed. Later in the year, you remember, the British and the French tried an offensive in the Champagne region and in the district north of Arras. This allied offensive was a costly failure. I think we are at liberty to-day to say it was a failure, and the reasons for the failure are plain. There were not enough high explosive shells to destroy the wire entanglements, the German dugout, and machine-gun positions, and to protect our men. There was shortage of ammunition, and of ammunition of the right kind. This led to the reorganization of our munition supply departments and to the lavish production of large calibre guns and projectiles. In addition there was the inexperience of the staff. Some people speak to-day most disparagingly of the British staff. But remember, gentlemen, what the situation was. We had a splendid staff for an army of 270,000 men, but we had to improvise a staff for the millions who were being trained. Is it any wonder that some mistakes were made, in a new style of warfare, by those who were veritable novices in the modern art of war? I am amazed to-day that our mistakes were so few and our lessons were so speedily learned. In the west we had nothing after the second battle of Ypres about which to be particularly exultant.

In the East the enemy triumphed all along the line. Here again, I take it, was the hand of Providence revealed. If the Germans had thrown the whole weight of their forces against us in the west then were we verily undone. We had neither the men nor the guns nor the munitions to stand against them. But they did not come against us in the west. After that initial attempt at Ypres in the month of April they turned their main force against the Russians, intending to put them out of business for two or three years at least. In the Providence of God this gave both France and Britain time to breathe, time to organize their great munition factories, time to equip, time to train, time to prepare and reach at least the stage of equilibrium. In the East, however, the Prussians won three great victories. First of all they overran Poland and Courland (the Baltic provinces of Russia); but they did not succeed in capturing or destroying or getting a decision against the Russian armies. Brilliant was the retreat. Without artillery equipment they held back the invaders by sacrificing infantry in rear-guard actions. Their second great victory in the East was our enforced abandonment of the Peninsula of Gallipoli. There were three stages in the attempt to force the Dardanelles. Before the Turk was actually in the fight there was a possibility that the British fleet would be invited to Constantinople to keep the peace. The invitation would have come from pro-British forces in Constantinople. Had there been the audacity which is sometimes the truest prudence, that possibility would have been realized; the Dardanelles would have been open; the British fleet would have been at Constantinople; and probably Enver Bey and his clique would not have dragged Turkey into hostilities. The whole war area would have been restricted. However, that opportunity was lost. Then came the first attempt to force the

Dardanelles by a Naval Expedition. That was a failure, as Lord Fisher said it would be, because there was no land force ready to aid in taking the forts on the Gallipoli Peninsula which were at that time very insufficiently manned. It would have been comparatively easy then by the co-operation of an army to force the Dardanelles. The Naval bombardment, however, simply gave notice of what we were doing and German officers and German artillery-men were hurried down, the Turks were put in a good defensive condition, and the crucial moment passed. When the third stage came, the bombardment from Sea and the landing of the forces, it was really too late. Heroic exploits almost beyond belief were performed by the gallant Australians, British and French; but all was in vain. And yet, gentlemen, there was some military advantage even in that belated expedition, for it did hold the Turkish army there and prevented an earlier attack upon Egypt. In the long run after appalling losses we had to evacuate Gallipoli and leave the Turk in possession. That was the second great rebuff we experienced in 1915 in the East. The third was the invasion of Serbia by Von Mackensen's forces. He swept from Belgrade down to the northern confines of Greece, and forced our British and French forces who had been landed at Saloniki to prepare lines of defence and try to make Saloniki impregnable. Our forces came as you remember, at the invitation of the Greek Prime Minister Venizelos. They came to aid the Greeks in fulfilling their treaty obligations to the Serbs. Then appeared on the scene as a disturbing element, Constantine, the King of Greece. He repudiated the treaty obligations of Greece to aid Serbia, and dismissed Venizelos, the greatest Statesman the Balkans had ever produced, and destined in due time I trust to control once more the destinies of Greece. (Hear, hear.) That was the third great reverse we ex-

perienced in the East. Thus when the year 1915 came to a close, we had failed in our offensive on the West and we had met with three great rebuffs, if not defeats, in the East. But we had gained time to prepare in the West.

A NEW PHASE OF THE STRUGGLE.

In 1916 we entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Everybody expected that Germany, having as she thought put Russia out of business until at least the year 1917, would try to deal a blow at France. The Allies in the West were preparing if possible to forestall that. But in the month of February, before the Allies could take any steps, the Germans quietly gathered a huge army of some 750,000, and an overwhelming mass of artillery, at (least 2,000 guns, many of them the big 17 inch Howitzers that had pounded to pieces the fortifications in Belgium) north and east of that picturesque old French town of Verdun. It is a tragedy that these quaint old towns should be laid in ruins; but all the north-easterly part of France is the scene of countless tragedies of this kind. The enemy has had mercy neither on the present nor on the past. He has laid waste those shrines that the faith of the past centuries had built, and he has been ruthless and ravenous to the living shrines of the Soul, the men, women and children of the present. He made his great thrust from the borders of Lorraine at the heart of France. The attack on Verdun began. You know the issue. In spite of his overwhelming artillery he found he was beaten by the French artillery. His artillery preparations never seemed to be thorough enough, for when the massed artillery attacks followed, the French artillery was ready to meet them. It was a costly catastrophe for the Germans. In all probability, the experts say, the Germans must have lost in the Verdun offensive 650,000 men. The French lost possibly 450,000 men; but there was a balance at any rate of 200,000 in their favor. The

moral and the political as well as the military results of the failure disheartened Germany and gave new confidence to the Allies. The next independent campaign in 1916 was the Austrian offensive against Italy. It was part of the general German plan. Austria made a drive down through the Trentino, that wedge-shaped district that comes in south of Tyrol and breaks into what would be a relatively straight northern boundary of Italy. It was a dangerous moment. At times it seemed as though the Austrian hosts would debouche on the plains of Venetia and once again northern Italy be crushed under the heel of the ruthless and brutal Austrian. Italy remembers the agony she endured from the white-coated Austrian soldier in the past. Gladstone truly declared that no one could put his finger anywhere and say "Where Austria has done well." Everywhere Austria has meant repression of national aspirations, and tyranny and cruelty. At last Italy recovered and not only regained the Trentino but herself waged a counter-offensive in the great Carso plateau, capturing the city of Goritz and threatening that great prize, the seaport of Trieste. That was the second great campaign in 1916, and possibly 300,000 men were lost on each side. The third campaign in this year took place at the very height of the Italian offensive. It was carried on to relieve the pressure on Italy and Verdun. Suddenly and unexpectedly the Russians recovered. Probably Japan is largely responsible for this recovery, for Japan poured in munitions and great guns along the Trans-Siberian railway and enabled Russia to be re-munitioned and re-armed. Under Brusiloff, a skilled military theorist who now put his military theory into practice, the Russians came back and made a sudden great offensive in Volhynia. The Austrian army of some three-quarters of a million was practically destroyed. Four hundred and eighty thousand

prisoners were taken in the course of a few weeks. Volhynia was re-conquered, Bukowina was overrun and the Eastern part of Galicia came back into Russian hands. It was not until well on in the year that the tide turned against Russia when she suffered a reverse near Lemberg. But she had served the purpose; she had eased the pressure on the Italians and on Verdun. Then came the fourth great campaign. Before the fate of Verdun was settled the British and the French together on the banks of the River Somme on Dominion Day, the 1st of July, began the battle of the Somme, the greatest battle in human history, beyond all question. The objects were to relieve Verdun, hold German troops in the West, and try out their lines. At first our losses were terrible, naturally greater than the losses of the enemy, but steadily as the struggle proceeded our staff work improved rapidly; the infantry and artillery were still better co-ordinated; munitions were piled up, and the artillery fire was unprecedented. It was observed that more and more prisoners were taken and that the morale of the enemy was steadily deteriorating. The disparity in losses decreased and then German losses became greater than ours. At the end of the battle of the Somme (and that came only when weather conditions permitted no further offensive), the morale of the German force on the West was seriously shaken. Verdun had been so effectively relieved that in November the French were able to take the offensive there and recover in a short time all the ground that the Germans had won so painfully and at so great cost. The German soldier realized that his defences were not impregnable. He realized that though he was confronted with a new army and new officers and new generals this new army was equal to the best of his own. Then came the last of the campaigns, the Rumanian campaign. This has been unfortunate in the highest

degree. Yet let us not exaggerate its importance. Probably not more than 200,000 Germans have been involved. They have used Bulgarians and Turks and Austrians; and you cannot expect to have the ultimate decision effected by a German army of 200,000. We need not go into the question of the military or political mistakes that were made. The Rumanians are paying bitterly for whatever mistakes they did make. I think it was a question fundamentally of munitions. Be that as it may, the Germans have overrun the greater part of Rumania and have widened the corridor from Berlin to Constantinople. Now, from many points of view the real prizes that Germany seeks are the prizes in the Balkans. Certain watchwords that have been sounded out for years wonderfully express deep national aspirations. We Britons have been speaking of an all red route from "Cairo to the Cape." We are going to realize it, and that bit of German territory in East Africa that seemed to block the way will soon be all red. (Hear, hear.) The Russians have had their phrase "from Petrograd to Peking." The Germans have had their political cry "from Berlin to Bagdad." Towards the East through the Balkans was their outlet. This expresses the policy they persistently tried to carry out. Austria and Germany together were to dominate the smaller Balkan States, and to be allied with the Turk. In this way, they were to have free running rights into Asia Minor, down the Mesopotamia Valley and on to the Persian Gulf. At the present time Rumania is in the hands of the Teutonic forces, and yet the booty has not been as great as supposed. They have not got the expected oil and grain in full measure. Remember the Teutonic forces are still in a state of siege. They still have not been able to break that cordon of steel that is about them. They still have not been able to break out into the open sea. Beyond a doubt the Rumanian tragedy

has complicated matters and made the situation more difficult. No one can venture to predict what will be Von Hindenburg's next stroke. It may be against Saloniki. He may try to seal up the forces that are at Saloniki, and we may have to withdraw, leaving our Serb and Greek allies alone. I trust not, but it may be that the Germans will make this attempt in league with the King of Greece. If they succeed in sealing up the forces in Saloniki, they may then, employing Bulgarians and Turkish troops under German officers, go on through Asia Minor, use the Bagdad railway and the railway down through Syria, south of Jerusalem, and try another stroke at Egypt. They will not succeed; they may be forestalled by a British thrust; but it is not an impossible stroke to attempt. The other alternative is that they may attempt a drive at Kiev or Odessa in Russia. No one knows what will be the immediate outcome of this unfortunate Rumanian disaster. There have been some other minor campaigns but of these I need not speak.

WORK OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

There is one thing that happened in 1916 which is of supreme importance. Some people were asking, What is the Fleet doing? Why doesn't England do more? These questions were being asked in some of the newspapers in neutral lands. The criticism was made that "England was ready to fight the Germans to the death of the last Frenchman." It was an unfair and ignorant criticism. Britain was doing her utmost. But here is something that Britain did do in the year 1916 in addition to her work on the Somme. What could the British Fleet do? Nobody absolutely knew. Nobody knew whether or not the Germans had not some surprises to spring upon us. We read in reports and rumors that the Germans were installing on their ships great guns of heavier calibre than any guns we had, even than our big 15-inch guns.

Nobody knew. Nobody knew what new tricks they might have devised. On the second day of June, a day when the rain fell in torrents and the sky was overcast here in Toronto, we read in the evening papers that the great battle cruiser Queen Mary had been sunk in an engagement between the German and the British Fleets off the Coast of Denmark; on May 31st, that the Invincible and the Inflexible had also gone down. It seemed as though the very foundations of the earth were out of their course. Could it be that the British fleet had been beaten? And if the British fleet were beaten, what defence remained? In this announcement, the Admiralty had told part of the truth, all the truth that was known apparently at that time. They certainly told us the worst first. But soon we began to perceive that the essential element in the despatch was this, that the German High Seas fleet had returned to harbor. We began then to understand that this fight could not be a victory for the German high seas fleet. At last we heard the whole story, how gallant David Beatty with his battle cruisers fleet engaged the whole German high seas fleet and held them in fight until the British main body of Dreadnoughts came up. Then the Germans turned tail and went to Wilhelmshaven harbour. *Punch*, as he always does, summed up the situation very aptly. In Germany the bells were rung and hymns of thanksgiving for victory were sung in their churches. But the public were not allowed to visit the arsenal, and nobody was permitted to get past the cordon of sentinels and see this ever victorious fleet. *Punch's* cartoon represents a sentinel outside the arsenal wall, speaking to a German father of a family with his wife and children who have come down on an excursion. The German Herr says: "I want to see our victorious fleet," and the guard's answer was, "You cannot see it, nobody can see it." *Punch* headed

the picture, "Unwonted Candor." (Laughter.) But the result of the engagement was that even though we lost slightly more in tonnage than the Germans did, the German high seas fleet went to cover and has not emerged since. We discovered there were no new tricks in their trade, there were no guns that out-ranged our own, and in seamanship the traditions of the Navy were more than maintained. (Applause.) A letter that came to a friend of mine in Toronto from the Commander of one of those battle ships contained this incident. I do not know whether it has appeared in print or not. The Invincible had gone down and two officers and three seamen were clinging to a raft, the only survivors. These men were hanging on for grim death when they saw Jellicoe's flagship, the Iron Duke, come rushing by at full speed, sending the waves from her like broadsides. The poor fellows, at the risk of being swept overboard by the wash of the waves, cheered the Iron Duke as she came into action—"game to the last." (Applause.) But the actual issue was that Britain remained mistress of the seas. (Applause.) That her transportation lines to France were safe, that no commerce raiders were allowed to escape into the ocean, and that the blockade was drawn tighter than ever.

GERMANY'S PEACE OFFER.

A year ago there was a possibility of a German victory in the European sphere. To-day Germany knows she cannot achieve victory. At best she aims only to avoid crushing defeat. At the end of 1916, before the battle of the Somme was really completed, the German Emperor in his magnanimity offered peace, on his own terms presumably, because he did not specify. What does this mean? I cannot believe that Germany would ever offer peace if she were really victorious. I think that Germany's offer of peace, couched in whatever terms, and intended though it may have been primarily for home consumption, is an indication that

things are not all well with her, that her power is not so great and her actual achievements are not so decisive as she would desire. Does it mean that already she is feeling the pressure on her man power? Does it mean that she is feeling the pressure on her stock of cotton? Does it mean she is feeling the food pressure? Does it mean that she is beginning to realize that economically and financially she may be faced with ruin? Is she trying to avert a crushing defeat rather than to win victory of any kind? I am inclined to believe that for Germany this means that no longer does she think she can win. (Hear, hear.) The best she hopes for is to escape destruction. But, gentlemen, we gave an answer, and the answer was that which instinctively came to the lips of Britons and all civilized human beings the world over. The answer was no, no, to an unrepentant, ruthless, uncivilized monster. Could you expect a native village in India to make peace with a man-eating tiger? Could you expect the civilized nations of the world to make peace with a national tiger that had disregarded all the laws and rules of man and God? There could not be peace without repentance. So the answer came from the first citizen in the Empire: "No, not without restitution and reparation for the past, and security for the days to come." Lloyd George's advent to the chief place in the counsels of the Empire was rightly interpreted by the enemy to mean on the part of the Allies a fight to the finish. (Applause.)

Now, just a word or two and I have done. (Voices: Go on, take as long as you want).

CANADA'S DUTY.

I wish to link all that has happened to our duty in Canada. Do we realize what is the resultant obligation, now that we have refused those blind proposals of peace? You remember that Sir William Robertson said not long ago, "We may look forward to the future with complete

confidence subject to the condition that we do the right thing and do it in time." He added; "There is no doubt whatever your ability to win the war, if only we really put our backs into it." We are pledged by our refusal of the German terms of peace to put our backs into this struggle. It was right that there should come a call to us in this Dominion, a call to national service. It was right that we should be asked to do, to give, to sacrifice more than ever, because now is the critical hour. The powers of retrogression and progress are locked in a deadly struggle. To-day the climax draws near. Our enemy has mobilized his whole civilian population, men and boys alike, that he may put every available man into the field. We for our part have pledged ourselves to fight to the finish for the sake of God and man. What does all this involve? It involves effort to the last ounce of power. It demands a new consecration to this crusade. We in Canada are called on to make answer in five ways, in men, in materials and foodstuffs, in munitions, in money and in morale. God helping us, we are going to do it. We must give an answer in men. By all the achievements of our gallant lads, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who have forever consecrated the fields of France and Flanders by their sacrifice, by all that they have done and by all that they have suffered. We are pledged to support them; we are pledged to do all we can to add available man power to their effort. We must give an answer in material. This broad Dominion will be called on and is called on to produce material and foodstuffs as never before. Old England is doing the same. We read that the Royal Parks are to be used for the growth of cereals. Old England will grow everything she can. England's effort is magnificent to-day. She is mobilizing to the last man and woman. We have to give the answer in munitions. We are doing it, all too slowly,

but we have a master commander of industries in charge of munitions; and rapidly is the cry being answered, "speed up, speed up, speed up." It was my privilege the other day to go through one of our large munition factories in Toronto. I wanted to see what the women and the girls were doing. It was an inspiration to see them. Most of them have sons or brothers or husbands or sweethearts at the front. They are keen as razors, steady as rocks, and regular as the factory whistle itself. They are not simply earning high wages. I think that with the women, money wages does not count for very much. They feel that they are backing up their loved ones at the front; they are trying to race the German shops to win the prize of victory; they are trying to save the lives of their own; they are going to bear their part in the winning of the war. (Applause.) I heard a story as I went around that makes the heart very tender. In one of these munition factories there was a widow who had an only son at the front. To the matron of the factory a telegram in yellow envelope came one day. It was addressed to this widow. The matron conjectured that it bore bad news and opened it. Yes, the son was killed in action—"I regret to report, etc." In the goodness of her heart she went into the factory to break the news gently. "Mrs. ———, I would like to see you in the office for a little while." With a mother's prescience, the widow knew, and said, "Have you any news? Is he wounded? Was he captured? Was he killed?" The Matron said, "Come, let me tell you in the office." "No," said the woman, "I won't stir from here, you might as well tell me here." "Well," said the Matron, "he is killed; you had better take the day off." "No," the mother replied, "I won't take the day off," and pointing to the lathe she said, "that lathe will turn out more shells this day than it ever did before, and more shells the next day and the next

day. I won't lose a minute." As a matter of fact, she speeded up 40 per cent. in production. This is the spirit of the women who are at work in the old land and in this country. We must answer in munitions, and yet we haven't begun to answer sufficiently. Then we must answer with money. The Minister of Finance has told us that. The whole matter may be summed up in these three propositions: (1) "The Government needs the money to buy shells; (2), We must give the money to the Government either in the form of taxes or loans; and (3), in order to have the money to give we must save. Our personal expenditure may to-day determine the duration of the war. Gentlemen, do we realize the critical position financially? I hesitate to say anything in the presence of those who are past masters of finance, but even I may be pardoned for trying to enforce the seriousness of the situation. Finance may be the determining feature. We and our allies are compelled to buy enormous quantities of raw material and manufactured supplies outside the Empire in neutral countries. We have to pay for these in cash. The Mother land is carrying her own financial burden and part of the financial burden for the Overseas Dominions and of her allies. She is the great financier of the whole Entente. She owes, I dare not say how much, to neutral nations. Don't you see what a lever that puts in the hands of neutral nations. If for any reason that we cannot explain or conceive, the head of a great neutral nation determined to put financial pressure on us, we might be forced to conclude a peace before it was safe for our own future and for humanity's sake to do so. How is that to be avoided? Only by every part of the Empire carrying a larger share of the big financial load. We in Canada have to bear a larger share. I would like the Government to tell us distinctly, boldly and definitely, how much they want and why they want it. I believe the country is prepared to-day for any

sacrifice in the great cause. Surely the easiest sacrifice (indeed it is not worthy of the name of sacrifice) is to save money, to invest it in Government bonds at a good rate of interest. We at home dare scarcely speak of sacrifice. We cannot even speak of self denial in this connection. (Hear, hear.) But we can really serve by saving. Linked together are the facts of saving, Government securities, shells and ultimate safety. They are bound inextricably together. It is the duty of every Canadian, whether he is rich or poor, to do his very utmost on the financial side, to answer the appeal of the hour. (A Voice—Is there anything we can do now?)

ARCHDEACON CODY: Buy Canadian Government War Securities right off. They are going to be issued almost immediately. It is the most direct way of getting shells, saving life and winning the war.

Gentlemen, the last answer we can give is really the greatest, because it is the immaterial and the spiritual. It is the answer of morale. The morale of our boys at the front is marvellous. If you talk to any boy who comes back, whether he has lost an eye, or a leg, or a hand, or is disfigured, you find he is cheerful and hopeful, and he has a changed viewpoint. He knows the things that matter and the things that do not matter. As soon as he can get a wooden limb or recover fitness, he wants to go back, because he believes that this coming year is "our year." He says he had to "stick it" for the last two years and he wants to be in at the finish. "This is our year." That is the spirit of the men. They all write: "We have got the Germans beaten, though we have got to pay the price. The Hun is beaten and he knows it." It is on the western front, according to the balance of expert military evidence, that the final decision will be gained. (Applause.) There we are right behind our lines, there our

blows will tell most. Let us at home have a morale that is remotely like the morale of the boys at the front. Let us have this spirit of grim determination. Let us set our teeth fast and let us so far as in us lies, and God gives us the power, seek to back the boys up.

THE BASIS OF OUR HOPE FOR VICTORY.

It is the morale and the spiritual elements in the long run that do win the victory. Our boys at the front are cheerfully ready and willing to hunger and to thirst, to bear the cold and the bitter soaking wet, to wallow in the mud and the misery of the trenches, to lose rest and sleep, to endure dirt and vermin and wounds and disease, to make long marches and to keep still longer outpost watches; they are willing to lose sight and limb; they are willing to die, that they may win the war. May we not count it as our highest ambition to-day to try to be worthy of them? In an old story from the old book is recorded an incident in the life of King David. He was flying from his enemies and had taken refuge in a cave near his old home at Bethlehem. Between his old home and his hiding place the Philistine enemies lay. David caught a distant glimpse of his old home, and he became homesick. He breathed a sigh as it were to himself. "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem,"—to drink of the water he drank of as a boy! Three of his mighty men, the old story tells us, overheard him, and they loved him so much that at the risk of their lives they made their way through the Philistines to the well at Bethlehem and brought back the water to their chief. It was chivalry, it was heroism; and David met that heroism with a chivalry that was equal. He held the water in its vessel and said: "It is the blood of the men who went in jeopardy of their lives, I will not drink it. I will pour it out as a drink offering to God." It seems to me, gentlemen, we have the old Bible story

re-enacted to-day. Everything to-day that we in Canada have of material possession and peace and prosperity is ours because men have thought that we were worth suffering for, bleeding for and dying for. It has the hall mark of blood.—Yes, very precious blood is on all we possess. It is the challenge to us to "carry on"; it is the challenge to us to be worthy of our heroes. Thus at the beginning of this year 1917 with good hope we go forward. I have spoken of things economic and things military and things political. Have I been on the material plane all the while? No, I would not end with that appeal. We have hope because we have good Allies other than even the gallant French, Belgians, Russians, Italians, Serbs, Rumanians, Montenegrins and Portuguese. We have as Allies, we humbly believe, all the forces that make for freedom and mercy and honor and justice and truth, all the forces that make for humane civilization; and we have also, we humbly believe, to give us His blessing, the Maker and Ruler of all those forces whose character they reflect and whose will they serve. We have good hope in the Lord God of Hosts, and in spite of the darkness, the perplexity and the disappointment of many a day we still believe that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that His truth, His mercy and His Righteousness will not be put to shame. (Applause.)

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